

Shadow

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Summary: Vegeta dealing with the thought of being second best.

Shadow

Disclaimer: I don't own Dragon Ball Z.

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><p>I'm in the shadows while I sleep.<p>

The darkness completely consumes my being.

We're very well acquainted with each other as I'm in too deep.

Light is not something I desire seeing.

A personal hell for me alone.

My place is amongst things that go bump in the night.

This dwelling is where I reap what I've sown.

All the demons come looking to pick a fight.

Dreams and memories disturb my rest, But I welcome them with open arms ready to embrace.

Waking hours are where I encounter the mocking fest.

Kakkarot is a millennium ahead in the race.

I refuse to be runner up to this joke!

The Prince of all Saiyans doesn't come in last place.

How did my royal heritage completely blow up in smoke?
Training nonstop just to catch up is ridiculous.
_I'm _the chosen one!
Why was this travesty ever allowed to occur?
I was careful to be extremely meticulous.
I have nothing to show but the humiliation I endure.
All of them praise him as their hero.
Everyone just _loves _this fool.
He's always walked the straight and narrow.
Fate sent this third class clown to be cruel.
Being better is all I strive for.
Destiny clearly has other plans for my future.
I surely didn't expect what was in store.
My day should have come much, much sooner.
Instead I get to deal with grinning idiots.
They have no clue I've been robbed.
They don't realize the importance of this experience.
These simpletons don't get how my heart ached and throbbed.
I push myself to the limit for a purpose.
The darkness is a comfort I need.
My only semblance of sanity resides within.
This is where I rest in peace indeed.
I recognize the lineage of my kin.
Here is where I murder.
Where I'm feared by all.
Those pathetic insects beg me for mercy.
The name _Vegeta _demands respect!
This is my only refuge from the painful truth of being shown
up.

End

file.